

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.--NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1882.

NEW SERIES--NUMBER 104.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, - - - Editor and Proprietor
T. R. WALTON, - - - Business Manager

Published Tuesdays and Fridays,
AT
\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

Please don't send stamps in payment of sub-
scription, except to make change, and then of de-
nominations not over three cents.

TIGERS.

The tiger may be taken as the supreme type of the pure wild beast. Life has only one end for him—enjoyment; and to this he gives all his magnificent energies. Endowed with superb capabilities, he exercises them to the utmost in this one direction, without ever forgetting for an instant that he is only a huge cat, or flying in the face of nature by pretending to be anything else.

Speed, strength and cunning are his in a degree to which in the same combination no other animal can lay claim; in daring none exceed him, while for physical beauty he has absolutely no rival. A tiger has been known to spring over a wall five feet high into a cattle inclosure, and to jump back again with a full-grown animal in its jaws, and has been seen to leap, holding a bullock, across a wide ditch. As regards its speed, the first bounds of a tiger are so rapid as to bring it alongside the antelope; while for strength, a single blow of its paw will stun a charging bull. Its stealth may be illustrated by the anecdote of the tiger carrying away the bait while the sportsmen were actually busy putting up the shelters from which they intended to shoot it "when it came"; and its daring by the fact that numbers do not appal it, that it will single out and carry off a man out of the middle of a party, and that it regularly helps itself to cattle in broad daylight, in full sight of the herdsmen or the whole village. I have not gone for my illustrations to any traveler's tale, but to records of Indian shikar that are absolutely beyond suspicion.

To enable it to achieve such feats as these nature has created in the tiger the very ideal of brute symmetry and power. The paws, moreover, are fitted with large soft pads, which enable this bulky animal to move without a rustle over ground where the lizard can hardly stir without being heard, while its coloring, though it seems conspicuous enough when seen behind and against a background of whitewash, assimilates with astonishing exactness to the surroundings when the tiger lies in ambush under the overhanging roots, or crouches among the cane-grass.

For the tiger makes no pretense to invincible courage. On the contrary, he prefers, as a rule, to enjoy life rather than die heroically. When death is inevitable, he is always heroic, or even when danger presses him too closely. But if he can, he avoids the unequal contest between brute courage and explosive shells, and makes off at once for more sequestered woodlands, where he can reign supreme, and be at ease. It is indeed a splendid life that this autocrat of the jungle leads.—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE PLACE OF PARTING.

Meeting at court one day, Rochester, with mock politeness, thus accosted Barrow, the witty divine:

"Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie,"

To which Barrow rejoined:

"My Lord, I am yours to the ground."

Rochester followed with: "Doctor, I am yours to the center."

The doctor returned: "My Lord, I am yours to the antipodes."

Rochester, scorning to be foiled by a piece of musty divinity, as he termed Barrow, replied:

"Doctor, I am yours to the bottomless pit."

Whereupon Barrow, turning on his heel, quietly observed:

"There, my Lord, I leave you!"

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

"I suppose I might as well destroy this," said the tailor, disconsolately, to his wife, taking up a bill due him from one of the deacons of the church to which they belonged.

"Not a bit of it," returned his wife

"Give it to me."

The next Sunday morning, when the plate was passed round for subscriptions to pay off the floating debt, she dropped the bill into it, and before the middle of the week it was paid.

"Marriage is a lottery," remarked the happy tailor, as he pocketed the money, "but I advise every man to take the chances."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

QUICK AT FIGURES.

"Ah! so you are the young man from Bethany who wishes to learn the business, are you?" said a New Haven merchant.

"Yes, sir," was the respectful reply.

"Let's see. Are you quick at figures?"

"Tolerably."

"If a man should buy 150 yards of calico at 13 cents a yard, how much would it come to?"

"Aman that would pay 13 cents a yard for calico when he could get it in market for 8 cents—15 off for immediate cash—would come to mighty sudden." The young man was engaged.—*New Haven Register*.

From seventeen acres of vines a Californian made 18,000 gallons of wine, at a net profit of \$3,000.

AMERICA'S FIRST IMPORTATIONS OF LIVE-STOCK.

The following account of the first importations of live-stock into the United States is taken from an old copy of the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*:

"In 1610 four cows and a bull were, after a long and dangerous passage by sailing vessel, landed in Virginia from Ireland. These were the first domestic cattle seen in America. In 1625 eighteen ewes and two rams were introduced as a novelty into New York by the Dutch West India Company. The first horses landed in any part of North America were carried over to Florida by Gávea de Vaca in 1527; they all perished. The wild horses found on the plains of Texas and the Western prairie are probably descendants of the Spanish horses abandoned by De Soto. In 1625 part of the trade of the Dutch West India Company was the carrying of horses from Flanders to New York, and that year six mares and a horse were safely transported from France to America. The London Company were the first exporters of swine from Britain to America; and in the year 1631 they carried on their vessels no less than eighty-four, which were all, on landing, allowed to roam at large, and feed and fatten on the mast, which was very abundant in the woods. They increased so fast that in 1627 the colony was in danger of being overrun with them; but the Indians acquiring a taste for fresh pork, and the novelty of hunting hogs, that calamity was averted. So important was it considered at that time that the cattle, horses and sheep introduced into the infant colony should be allowed to increase, that the Governor issued an order prohibiting the killing of domestic animals of any kind, on pain of death to the principal, and to the aider, abettor or accessory. In 1639 horned cattle, horses and sheep had increased to 30,000. In 1679 there were over 40,000 sheep, 30,000,000 cattle, of which over 12,000,000 were milch cows, 15,000,000 horses, 2,000,000 mules and 30,000 swine in the United States."

THE RAILROAD MAN AND THE MISIONARY.

Two young and aspiring railroad men, who were placed on the retired list owing to the consolidation of Gould's Southwestern roads, expressed themselves rather emphatically, and in language that shocked the feelings of a missionary who was sitting close by listening to the remarks. He stood it as long as he could, but finally he lost his patience, and walked up to the two young railroad men and reprimanded them for using such profane language.

"You ought to know," he said in conclusion, "that there are but two roads, one leading to Hell and Damnation, and the other to Joy and Salvation; now which one of these would you rather take?"

"Well," replied one of the railroad men, after getting over his surprise, in being thus addressed, "I don't think I'll take either, for it is ten to one that the two roads will fall into the hands of Gould and be consolidated before I get there."

The missionary made no further efforts to convert the heathen and left disgusted.

SIGNIFICANT SIGNS.

To call at a friend's house about dinner time and find him absent is a sign you will be disappointed.

To drop hot sealing wax on your fingers is a sign you will be angry.

To receive advice of your mother-in-law's projected visit is a sign you are going to leave home for a time.

To meet a bolting horse on the pavement implies that you are going to run. To dream of being run over by fire engines is often a sign that you have had poor chops for supper.

To pick up money is lucky.

If a man says, "I hardly like to ask you, old man—but—" it's a sign that he wants to borrow money.

To collide with three consecutive lamp-posts and fall over an apple stall is a sign you are not a Good Templar.

To lose money or jewelry is unlucky.

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The palmy days of a boy's life are those in which he gets properly spanked by his mother.

BONAPARTE PROCLAIMED EMPEROR.

ELECTRICITY IN THE HUMAN BODY.

"When the Senators had arrived, Bonaparte entered the Grand Cabinet, and seated in the center of a circle composed of the Counsellors of State and the Generals; behind him stood the Ministers, among whom Consul Lebrun took his place. Cambaceres, at the head of the Senate, pronounced a discourse in which the words "Sire" and "Imperial Majesty" were several times repeated. His speech concluded with these words: 'The Senate proclaims Napoleon Bonaparte at the present moment Emperor of the French.' A cry of 'Vive l' Empereur!' arose in the Assembly and some applause, but it was neither loud nor hearty. The Emperor was neither a king nor a chief, but he was as astonished to see sparks produced, and more surprised to find that the natives were quite accustomed to the phenomenon.

He subsequently found that a very light touch, repeated several times under certain conditions of bodily excitement and in certain states of the atmosphere, would produce a succession of sparks from the bodies of native men as well as from native cattle. A lazy negro, it seems, yielded none of these signs of electricity—a rather unfortunate circumstance for his more active brethren, who may possibly come in for a share of undeserved flogging from the hands of future travelers in search of electrical phenomena among the human race. We are not aware that these facts have been recorded by other travelers, but they deserve thorough sifting by competent observers. —*Anon.*

LONDON'S RAILWAY STATIONS.

London contains fourteen strictly-terminal railway stations, from which no fewer than 2,202 trains depart daily, and nearly 1,600 of these leave between the hours of 10 a.m. and 10 p.m. The largest number of departures from a single terminus is 320, after which come two stations with 312 and 295 respectively. These figures are exclusive of the immense system supplying the city with local transit.

INDIANS IN NEW YORK.

There are almost 5,000 Indians in New York, living on reservations. They are remnants of the Senecas, Oneidas, Tuscaroras and Onondagas of the Six Nations, and of the St. Regis Indians who came from Canada. They receive annuities of about \$12,000. The number has not materially changed in fifty years. They are not taxed; a few of the Oneidas are voters.

No matter how shattered the system may be from excesses of any kind, the Great German Invigorator will secure health and happiness. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford.

AT COST!

CLOSE OUT!

Our store-room having been sold, we are compelled to close out our stock of goods by January 1, and in order to do so, we will from time to time offer our entire stock at cost. It embraces

Groceries, Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Boots, Shoes,

And in fact everything usually kept in a first-class country store. They were bought low and we can offer them at prices which will astonish the natives. Come early and get first choice.

J. & J. W. BAILEY, Turnerville, Ky.

101-41 JOHN F. STRODE.

JOHN F. STRODE.

CONDENSED TIME.

HAVING CONCLUDED TO REMOVE TO TEXAS, I OFFER FOR SALE MY

DRUGS, BOOKS, STATIONERY & FANCY ARTICLES.

PROFESSIONAL.

T. W. VARNON, WALLACE E. VARNON.

T. W. & W. E. VARNON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

STANFORD, KY.

OFFICE IN OWSLEY & SON'S NEW BUILDING UP STAIRS.

ALEX. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

DANVILLE, KY.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF BOYLE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES AND IN THE COURT OF APPEALS.

MASTERSON PEYTON, SURGEON AT LAW.

AND EXAMINER FOR CASEY COUNTY, KY.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS OF CASEY AND ADJOINING COUNTIES, AND IN THE COURT OF APPEALS.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO COLLECTIONS. OFFICE OVER R. T. FEE'S STORE.

J. G. CARPENTER, STANFORD, KY.

OFFICE OVER ROBERT & LYtle's STORE. OFFICE FROM 3 TO 5½ AND 7 TO 9 P.M.

J. J. WILSON, DENTIST.

STANFORD, KY.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, UPPER MAIN ST.

LEE F. HUFFMAN, SURGEON DENTIST.

STANFORD, KY.

OFFICE—SOUTH MAIN STREET, TWO DOORS ABOVE THE MYERS HOTEL.

FOR NITROUS OXIDE GAS ADMINISTERED WHEN NECESSARY.

R. C. MORGAN, D. S. DENTIST.

WILL BE IN STANFORD ONE WEEK OF EACH MONTH, FROM MONDAY.

DENTAL ROOMS IN ST. ASHOP HOTEL, OVER MCALISTER & BRIGHT'S.

SEE SIGN ON ST. ASHOP MONDAY. DENTAL ROOMS IN MASON HOUSE.

[See Sign.] Pure nitrous oxide gas administered when necessary.

TERMS REASONABLE.

JOHN F. BAILEY.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

NOV. 25, 1882.

EX. SUN.

1. Richmond..... 6 45 a.m.

2. Lancaster..... 6 50 a.m.

3. Williamsburg..... 6 50 a.m.

4. London..... 7 00 a.m.

5. Crab Orchard..... 9 07 a.m.

6. Standard

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, December 15, 1882

W. P. WALTON, - - - EDITOR

KENTUCKY will have two candidates for Speaker in the field and unless some compromise is effected, Randall, of Pennsylvania, will win the chair of that office in the next session of Congress. Joe Blackburn thinks that as he came within nine votes of beating Randall before and as he failed to give him the chairmanship of any important committee, contrary to usage and precedent, and considering the fact that he has done nothing to forfeit the good will of the country, he has peculiar claims on the chair which Carlisle has ignored by failing or refusing to consult him, and that he is in honor bound to make the race. When asked if he entertained the same views on the tariff that Carlisle does, he replied, "not exactly." Mr. Carlisle voted to repeal the bill favoring abolishing the tax on tobacco. Mr. Morrison was the only democrat on the committee who opposed the report abolishing the tobacco tax. I am opposed to the abolition of the tax on whisky and tobacco, or on any of the luxuries of life. In fact, I believe that the Kelley gang are trying to inveigle the democrats into a trap. I shall oppose any and all tinkering with the internal revenue until the tariff is revised." Mr. B. further says that if elected Mr. Carlisle is too amiable a man to have an atom of aggressiveness in the body and would therefore be an obstacle to his party. The trouble is Joe is too aggressive and if elected the probability is that he would soon get his party into trouble. We admire Mr. Blackburn for many reasons but he is most too hot-headed for a position which requires so much coolness and balance as the Speakership of the National House. However, it is nearly a year unless the president convenes that body in extra session, before the election and many things may occur in that time to settle the question as to who is entitled to the honor or whose pole is the longest to knock the per-

simmons.

The Lexington Transcript says that since he has been in office Gov. Blackburn has issued to Fayette county law-breakers 197 pardons, of which 49 were to faro-bank dealers whose fines aggregated \$24,500. The Herald says that out of 301 convictions in Madison county since Blackburn's induction to office he has pardoned 145. Taking the average of these two counties, which is 171 and multiplying it by 117, the number of counties in the State, we find that the grand total of pardons issued by the old imbecile is 20,007, which we suppose is not estimating it too highly. Figuring still further, we will multiply the last number by \$2 and we have \$40,014, which amount the assistant Secretary has gotten for issuing pardons alone, for pardons are spot cash—no pay no pardon. Such being the state of the case, is there any wonder that lawlessness is continually increasing in the State and that mobs endeavor to mete out that justice that the law is powerless, with such an executive to interpose, to enforce?

THE Sunday Argus wants the Governor to call an extra session of the Legislature to authorize the removal of the case of Neal and Craft from their section of the State altogether and fix its trial at Louisville or some other place remote from the scene of the frightful crime with which they are accused. It figures that if the Governor calls out all the State troops to protect the feds as he has said he would, the trial will cost the State \$115,000, whereas a session of the Legislature could be had for less than \$20,000. We hardly believe that either extreme will be necessary. The mob spirit, when it realizes the dangers of an attack on the State troops and remembers that they mean business when they open fire, is not apt to be greatly developed, nor is it probable that a second attempt will be made to take the prisoners whether or no from the troops. The misguided people who made the last attempt only did so when fully convinced that they would not be resisted to a bitter end.

THE Louisville Post has an article in reply to one in the Courier-Journal on the tariff question, which, barring the everlasting abuse of Mr. Watter-son, which has grown disgusting, is a sensible and well considered one. The Post is not a "tariff for revenue only" advocate but takes the more popular and we believe the better position that the tariff should be revised and so laid as to give encouragement and protection to those of our manufacturers which need them most.

A DISEASE known as the black-tongue is playing havoc with the dogs of Winchester, and they are being hauled to the bone-yard by the cart load. Let us pray that the epidemic may spread till every worthless yelp is taken to that bourne from whence, &c.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Boston has elected a democratic mayor by 2,000 majority.
E. W. Lee, of Taylor, sold 17 extra heavy broke mules to Serogram, Hudson & Co. for \$170 per head.
The Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have elected John W. Garrett for the 25th consecutive term.
There is a rise in the Ohio and some twenty million bushels of coal are floating down to Louisville and Cincinnati.
A fire at Kingston, Jamaica, destroyed the entire business portion of the city, causing a loss of thirty million dollars.
Prof. J. T. Patterson, whose lease of Union College expires next June, has released the college for a term of years.
The Supreme Court has decided that beer is not a spirituous liquor and that therefore the license to sell it is not necessary.
The Supreme Court is falling into the lazy habit of the Appellate Court. It has adjourned for the holidays already and will not convene till January 3rd.

William Edwards, sentenced to the Moundsville, (W. Va.) penitentiary, jumped from the cars while en route there Tuesday and was instantly killed.

Thomas Crittenden killed Rose Moseley, a colored man at Anchorage, because he testified against him on a warrant for assault and battery on a colored man.

The Senate passed Mr. Hoar's Bankrupt Bill and then sent it to the Committee on Judiciary for revision, where it is believed it will remain till Congress adjourns.

Leo Wilson, an employee of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, was murdered in a negro bagnio at Georgetown and the perpetration of the act is a mystery. Wilson was from Virginia.

Gov. Stephens, of Georgia, is pardoning a little himself. His last act is to free Col. Cox, who shot Col. Alston in 1879, and for which it was said at the time, he ought to have been hung.

Tom Ocheltree, the fiery, red-headed Congressman recently elected in Texas on the republican ticket, has announced as his platform: "I will oppose all taxes and favor all appropriations."

Peter Dickerson, Chairman of the Coalition party in Henrico county, Va., has been sent up for three months for stealing corn. That's the kind of stuff of which the average readjuster is composed.

At Henderson last Sunday, the Rev. Miller broke the ice and baptized 54 persons. There are about that many to be buried in baptism here next Sunday and they are praying that the icy season may be postponed until afterwards.

The stone church on Fourth street, Cincinnati, which everybody has noticed for its curious architecture and vine-covered walls, was sold Tuesday to the Emerys for \$86,432.18, who will convert it into offices. The worshippers there will build in another portion of the city, where property is not so valuable.

LINCOLN COUNTY.
Huntington.
—Peacock is opening another stunning display of Christmas goods. Come quick and select.

The Huntington Mill Co. is getting fearfully in earnest. I understand a new contract with builders has been made. A number of hands will be put upon the work forthwith, and it is to be pushed forward with the utmost rapidity.

Geo. D. Weatherford and Dr. Bogle, of Danville, paid our village a flying visit Tuesday. Indications are that the former is making preparations to resume the hotel business here in the house which he recently purchased, known as the Powell House.

—Those of your readers who spent the summer at Cumberland Falls, the Elysium of lovers, will be interested to learn that cards have been issued announcing the marriage of Mr. W. M. Vaughn to the beautiful and sprightly Miss Angie B. Grinstead, of Louisville, which came off Wednesday 13th inst. Soc Owens is a candidate for godfather, whenever such funerary shall be needed.

—There was an affray at a saw-mill here Tuesday, in which the irrepressible Jerry Hughes was, as usual, participant. The case seems to be about thus: Jerry was acting as fireman in Jones' Mill. He was running with 100 pounds of steam, when Norris, the sawyer, remonstrated against the dangerous amount of power. Jerry swore it suited him and should be kept up. Mr. Norris was proceeding to blow off the steam which led to a scuffle in which Jerry struck him with a handspike, breaking one of the bones of his fore-arm.

PRAISE THE LORD.
NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 9th, '82.
Dear Interior:
We are all here guests of our old Danville friends, the Davidge's. Maria and I go to our next "appointment" early next week. I will tell you the reason of this four or five days cessation from preaching in my next. Suffice it here to say that there is no idleness, now what men call "rest"! in it, for I am as "busy as a bee," doing what I am doing—"the matter to be testified in due time."

Waterford, I may say, kicked us out. Bowed out—frowned out—kicked out; this is the "threefold card," broken at last, that brings us to a "new departure," the subject of a circular, forthcoming in the next issue of the INTERIOR. The bow, the frown, the kick in the three successive experiences in churches, all come from the powers that be. In no case have we been heard by "the common people," in other way than "gladly," even as Jesus was of old. But "pastors" and "official boards,"

Our handsome young Irishman in Waterford, disappointed us in every way. For the first time in our ministry, the meeting closed without a word of consultation with us. The official board met last Saturday and passed a decree that unless there was a break before the close of the 2d week, the further expense of a meeting could not be borne. Of course, the LORD, thus tied up by an "official board" to work in a given time, and limited by threat of closing up on Him, could not bless. I worked on hopelessly from the issue of the decree. But for the few poor sheep who were getting a nibble of the green pastures I would have closed up as soon as I received the message. But for "the elects' sake,"

I preached on. Tuesday night, Brother Thompson announced at the close of the services that the meeting as held by Bro. Barnes was closed, "the expense of boarding his family being too great to be paid without greater results from the preaching" (*ipsoseis verba*); but the meeting would be continued according to our own methods, (*i.e.* again) "which were perhaps best after all." This last straw broke the camel's back, for our board was only \$4 a week, each for wife and self, the girls being guests of Bro. T. I had thought the cost and gas were to figure as elements of unrequired expense no longer to be borne, but no! the meeting was to be continued. *O tempora, o mores!* *Mores* to be strictly translated "manners." Here they were reduced to science. Well! "I opened not my mouth," Praise the LORD—HE kept me still. We smilingly shook hands with the dear simple people, who were sorry to part with us, but didn't seem to think there was any thing wrong in the transaction. "Business is business." That's all I say.

The next morning I left for New York, alone. This last indignity brought on a crisis and the LORD instantly showed me plainly what to do. The circular in your next will explain all.

As soon as the LORD had given us a place to come to I telegraphed wife and the children to leave W. which they were not slow to do. They came down to the city Thursday, leaving W. in a snow storm, the beginning of the present cold "blizzard." George told me she shook off the snow of Waterford from her overshoes. There was no dust to shake off. And so we buried the very memory of the inhospitable town. It is the *Hyde* of our Northern experience, thus far. Yet souls were blessed in Waterford, among the saints, and some were saved. 70 for soul, 19 anointed and 50 for special blessing—including a number who passed Jordan into the Canaan of the "life more abundant." Praise the LORD.

I cannot tell you exactly where we go from this point. It lies between Oswego and Princeton, perhaps the former, first. You will know in the next issue. Direct until further notice, to care of Isaac C. Kiggins, 123 and 125 William St. New York City. He will forward to us. This will, perhaps, be our permanent New York address. Our correspondents will kindly take notice. All well. I preach for Bro. A. B. Simpson, formerly of Chestnut St. Presbyterian Church, Louisville, next Sunday night in a hall in the Grand Opera building, if the LORD will. Pray for us. Ever in Jesus. GEO. O. BARNES.

Garrard County
DEPARTMENT.
ROBT. R. WEST, Editor.
LANCASTER.
—The Baptist Church at this place is to be furnished with a new organ.

Judge M. J. Durham, of Danville, was in town Tuesday, on legal business.

Judge Owlesy's physician says that he is improving rapidly, and will be out again in a few days.

Robt. Collier and brother rented of J. M. Orand, his farm on the Lexington turnpike for the ensuing year. Price, \$725.

Arthur Kemper sold to R. M. Robinson one-fifth interest in the landed estate of J. T. H. Kemper, dec'd. at \$80 per acre.

Jailer Rothwell says that since he has been office he has had only four white men in jail, three of them charged with murdering women.

W. G. Dunlap, late of this place, now a resident of Chicago, is in town on business. He expresses himself as not being pleased with the "windy civ."

W. R. Robinson & Bro. have rented the room recently vacated by Geo. D. Burdett & Co. which room they will occupy instead of Louisville, which came off Wednesday 13th inst. Soc Owens is a candidate for godfather, whenever such funerary shall be needed.

Now is your time to buy cheap goods. I want to close out by Jan. 1st. Don't fail to call and get bargains when goods must be sold. I must have what is due me by Jan. 1st. Geo. A. Feathers.

L. W. Burdett & Co. will begin in a short time the erection of a warehouse adjacent to the flouring mill they purchased of Thos. Floyd, near the Dix River bridge on the Danville and Nicholasville pike.

Two negro boys, Harrison Brown and Stuart Umber, were hunting rabbits near town, Wednesday, when the gun of Brown was accidentally discharged, inflicting a painful wound in the side of Umber's head and face.

Bud White, a colored boy about 15 years old was tried before Judge Walker, Tuesday, for stealing cold victuals out of the dining room of Mike Ray. He confessed and was given thirty days in the workhouse.

The roof will be put on the Miller building in a day or two. The building will be pushed rapidly to completion so as to accommodate the new bank by the middle or latter part of January. The capital stock of the bank has about all been raised.

A. C. Buchanan, of Richmond, was in town Wednesday, looking for a room in which to start a furniture store. He was unable to procure one, all of the store-rooms having been previously rented. We need more business houses, and from the present outlook will have them next year.

Capt. T. A. Elkin has sold to Samuel Peacock, his house and lot on Richmond street, for \$1,350. W. B. Mason has sold to Hugh Smith, his house and lot in the suburbs, on the Danville pike, for \$1,225 equal to cash. Mr. Mason will go to Chicago in the Spring, where he expects to make his future home.

We understand that Uncle Josh Dunn is dangerously ill with pneumonia. Uncle Josh has been a very active man all of his life. He is now in his 85th year. He remarked to us the day after the November election that "when the county went democratic in November it sent him back another ten years so that he felt as if he were only 25 years old." He has been a bitter opponent of republican theories and practices. His many friends hope for his early recovery.

Up to the present writing, no body has been arrested for the murder of Wm.



Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives, Lovers, Friends, Everybody,

IS INVITED TO CALL AT

PENNY & M'ALISTER'S

And examine the largest and finest stock of Holiday Presents ever brought to Stanford. We have THE stock, and defy competition in prices. Our stock consists of very handsome assortments of Books, suitable for old and young; the most elegant stock of Watches, Jewelry and Silverware ever brought to the city; a beautiful line of Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Toilet Sets, Vases and Chinaware of every description.

E. P. OWSLEY.

I WILL SELL MY

Fall and Winter Stock of Dry Goods,

Notions, Boots, Shoes and Clothing for the next 30 DAYS at greatly reduced prices. Heavy Boots, Shoes and Clothing a Specialty.

E. P. OWSLEY.

NEW FALL AND WINTER STOCK

OF

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES,

&c., AT

ROBT. S. LYTTLE'S.

Prices Guaranteed to be as Low as the Lowest. S. W. Cor. Main and Lancaster streets, Stanford, Ky.

I desire to call your special attention to the JEWEL RANGE
which for utility, durability, perfection in operation, taste

In ornamentation and finish is unequalled.

THE FLUES ARE EXTRA LARGE.

Adapting the Range to any kind of fuel. The Fire Back is made in three sections. As the center burns out much faster than the ends, this piece can be replaced without the expense of the entire back. Ventilated Chamber behind the fire box, which protects the back from intense heat.

The Broiling facilities are superior to any other Stove; tilt the grate and rake the coals on broiling grate, or an independent fire of charcoal built on it, if desired.

Many other conveniences are attached to this Stove, which I ask you to examine before buying. I also refer you to Mrs. Dr. T. B. Montgomery, Mrs. W. F. McKinney, Mrs. W. G. Welch, Mrs. G. H. McKinney, Mrs. S. J. Embry, Mrs. Dr. J. B. Owsley and Mrs. G. A. Lackey as to the advantages the Jewel has over other Stoves. Very respectfully,

W. H. HIGGINS.

HIGGINS HOUSE:

—STANFORD STREET—

LANCASTER, — — — KENTUCKY

JOHN T. HIGGINS, PROPRIETOR.

A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL

In every particular. The patronage of the public solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.

—Have just received a very large stock of—

FALL AND WINTER DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES,

Hats, Trunks,

Valises, &c., &c.

This is one of the Largest Stocks that we have ever had, and in it will be found many new and desirable goods. We invite the public generally to come and inspect our goods and learn prices before buying elsewhere.

—Wholesale and Retail Dealers In—

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Queens-

ware, Glassware, Candies,

Fruits, Cigars and

Tobacco.

A FIRST-CLASS GROCERY—A WELL LIGHT-

ED, ROOMY HOUSE. Everything neat as

a pin and prices lower than

ever.

Don't Fail to See Them in the New

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, December 15, 1882

L. & H. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Passenger trains North..... 9:50 A. M.
" " South..... 2:09 P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY PAINTS of Penny & McAlister.

BUY your ammunition of all kinds from McRoberts & Stagg.

New stock of Jewelry and Silverware at Penny & McAlister's.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

FALL lot of Zeigler's Shoes just received and for sale at J. H. & S. H. Shanks.

STANDARD Sheet Music, Vocal and Instrumental, for 10 cents at Penny & McAlister's.

LARGE stock of Window Glass, all sizes. Double thick glass for flower pits. Penny & McAlister.

Just received a new lot of cloaks for ladies and children and a fine lot of Dalmans. J. H. & S. H. Shanks.

PERSONAL.

MRS. JOHN MCROBERTS, JR., has gone to visit her sister at Lancaster.

J. C. SAUFLEY, Esq., of the Monticello bar, is visiting relatives here.

DR. AND MRS. O. S. LAMBERT, of Kings Mountain, made us a pleasant call this week.

MR. E. R. CHENAULT returned yesterday from a lengthy visit to the great State of Kansas.

MISS BESSIE VANWINKLE, of Iowa, and Luis Phillips, of Monticello, are guests of Miss Hattie Frisbie.

MR. JAMES A. DE PAUW, formerly of this county, is now proprietor of a livery stable at Covington, Ky.

HON. JOHN C. COOPER, editor of the Shelbyville *Sentinel*, was here Wednesday looking after his property interests.

MR. W. S. MYERS, of the Calendar Clock Co., has been promoted to the same position that Capt. Lynch held with the Company here, with headquarters at Cleburne, Texas. We are glad to hear of his promotion.

DR. R. C. MORGAN has decided to locate permanently in Lancaster, and will not hereafter keep an office here. The Dr. is a pleasant, affable gentleman, a master of his profession and we congratulate the Lancastrians on getting so worthy a citizen.

MR. H. S. WITHERS has been appointed by the Governor, on the unanimous request of the other gentlemen composing it, to be a Commissioner of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Danville, in place of J. W. Alcorn, Esq., who resigned after eight years faithful service. The appointment of Mr. Withers is a most excellent one.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Go to the "Twin Fronts."

FRESH raisins, currants, citron and other fancy groceries for Christmas cake at A. Owlesley's.

LOWER THAN EVER.—To reduce stock I will sell at reduced rates for cash till January. W. T. Green.

The case of Leo Hayden vs. Hart, &c., has been affirmed by the Court of Appeals as to the original and cross appeal.

MR. LOUIS H. RAMSEY is the father of a boy, which made its debut on Tuesday last. He is doing as well as could be expected.

COME early and make your selection from our large stock of cheap Toys before they have been picked over. McAlister & Bright.

The changeable weather has made pneumonia alarmingly prevalent in this country. There are half a dozen or more cases in town.

JUST received a large stock of French and stick candies, foreign and domestic fruits and nuts, for the Holidays at McAlister & Bright's.

A CHRISTMAS tree, to which every body is invited to attend and participate, will be given at the Presbyterian Church on the night of the 25th.

ALL our correspondents are especially requested to send in letters for our double number next Tuesday, also some advertisements if possible.

CHENAULT, SEVERANCE & Co., not wishing to carry over their clothing and boots to next season, offer their entire stock of those goods at cost.

TO REDUCE my stock of Dry Goods, &c., I offer special inducements in price for the next week or two. Call and see how low goods can be sold. J. W. Hayden.

OUR DOUBLE NUMBER—Will be a daisy and the advertiser who fails to appear it will miss the best opportunity of speaking to a big audience that he will have. Hand in your favors as early as possible.

The stores of Penny & McAlister, McRoberts & Stagg, and McAlister & Bright, present an attractive sight to the eye of both old and young, filled as they are with Christmas goods of every variety.

SANTA CLAUS don't bring the Jewel Range down the chimney, but in at the front door. Follow Mr. Thomas House's example and make your wife a Christmas present. W. H. Higgins.

A CALL on Judge T. P. Hill, Jr., to become a candidate for the Legislature appears in another column. Tom is a good, conscientious, qualified and popular young man, whom we should be proud to see honored with any position he may desire.

DON'T FAIL to visit the Grand Emporium of McRoberts & Stagg for Holiday goods before purchasing elsewhere. Will have large stock of silverware and jewelry for the Holiday to arrive in a few days, and for beauty and elegance can not be surpassed.

HAVING bought out the harness and saddle business of Squire W. R. Carson, I will open a first-class shop at my stables, where all kinds of repairing will be done at the lowest rates. Prof. S. M. Riggs will be in charge of the shop and will be glad to see his friends both as to harness and the veterinary business. A. T. Nunnelley.

CHRISTMAS presents in the dry goods line can be had at J. W. Hayden's.

A LARGE variety of cook stoves, heating stoves and grates just received by A. Owlesley. Low prices.

JUST received a new line of China, Glass and Queensware, including some handsome Tea, Chamber and water-sets. McAlister & Bright's.

BEST calicoes at 4, 5 and 6 cents; good bed-ticking 9 cents; good cotton flannel \$1 and 10 cents; all-linen towels, large size, 25 cents per pair; checked cotton 8½ cents; good comforter 65 cents piece, at D. Klass'.

B. K. WEAREN's Furniture Store is the place to go for Christmas presents. He is receiving a full line of fancy cabinet ware, such as wall pockets, comb cases, velvet frames and mouldings, hat racks, stand tables, &c. Also a big lot of wagons, carriages and wheelbarrows for the little folks.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

First-class Utey hay press for sale, John Bright, Stanford.

B. F. ROBINSON shipped yesterday 400 hogs for which he paid from 5 to 6 cents.

Squire J. S. Murphy sold to A. T. Nunnelley 5 bullocks thirteen hundred and thirty-six lbs average, at 5 cents.

G. W. FOULKE has bought and sold in the last week or two 800 hogs. He gave 6 cents around for them and made a fair profit.

Special Commissioner, W. H. Miller, bought for Mrs. Joel E. Portman, the farm of Mr. J. Walker Givena near McKinney, 135 acres, at \$35 per acre. They will move there at once.

John R. Farris has just returned from the Sumpter, Darlington and Mariboro districts of South Carolina, where he sold a car load of horses for Farris & Whiley at \$100 to \$175. He reports the prospects for sale of horses unpromising but says that mules are advancing some.

LEXINGTON COURT.—About 500 cattle on the market, prices ranging from \$3 to \$4.00 per cwt. There were 75 broke and unbroke mules offered, and they brought from \$7.25 to \$11 per head. A good many common horses were sold and they ranged in price from \$7.50 to \$80.

A new horse disease, which baffles the veterinary surgeons, has broken out in Troy, N. Y. Captain Sweeney's trotter, Chieftain, valued at \$10,000, is one of the victims and it is believed will not recover. The symptoms of the disease are inability to masticate food and a fall of pulse and temperature.

In Cincinnati the cattle market is quiet at 1 to 3 for common, 4 to 5 for good to choice butchers; 4 to 6 for common to best shippers; good to choice cows 4 to 4½; do heifers 4½ to 4¾; do oxen 2½ to 5; stockers 3½ to 4. Hogs are falling, best bringing 8.50; fair to good packers 6½ to 8.50; sheep 5½ to 5.50. Sheep are in fair demand at 2½ to 4½; extra heavy wethers 5½. Lambs sell readily at 3 to 5.

Dr. W. C. Greenfield, of Guthrie, Ky., has perhaps the largest hog in the world. It is of the big bone Berkshire, three feet seven inches high, nine feet from the nose to the tip of tail, measures seven feet around the body just behind the shoulders, and eleven and one-half inches around the leg, just above the hoof. He is only moderately fat, but very thrifty, and taking on flesh rapidly, weighs 1,200 pounds and the Dr. thinks he will take on three hundred pounds more flesh. He has a sow of the same age that weighs 900 pounds.

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—MARRS & ENGLISH, auctioneers and real estate dealers, report the sale of Charles E. Clarke, near Danville, on the 12th, a large-attended by bidders from all the adjoining counties. Fifty fat cattle 1,426 lb. at \$4.85 per cwt.; 9 head yearlings \$37.50 per head; three head do \$4.50 per cwt.; 9 head mixed yearlings \$25.50; calves \$17.25; grade Jersey heifer \$1.50; milk cows \$35@70; 32 mule colts \$6 per head; work mules \$135@161; horses \$52@101; fat hogs \$5.91; sheep \$6 per head; corn in the field \$1.60@1.62 per barrel; sorghum 85 cents per sack.

—MARRIES.—Mr. J. C. Wilson and Miss Amanda Hiatt were united in marriage Tuesday night by Eld. J. G. Livingston, at Mr. A. M. Hiatt's, Crab Orchard.

The Lebanon Standard, a few weeks ago, told how two young gentlemen came to that place to marry one girl, that the latter made a choice and married one of the men, leaving the other to weep and mourn, as was supposed. He didn't mourn long, however, for the first chance he got he stole the other fellow's bride and is now enjoying her sweet smile in parts unknown.

TOTTEN-BRYAN.—At the residence of the bride's grandfather, Mr. J. L. Dawson, at 12½ o'clock Wednesday, Dec. 13th, by Eld. Jess Walden, of Lancaster, Mr. Jas. L. Totten, of Garrard, to Miss Lizzie M., daughter of J. C. Bryan, of Lincoln. The bride was beautifully attired in a handsome silk poplin and broadcassin. After partaking of an elegant lunch, the bridal party with many friends came to Stanford and took the train for Lowell, where the groom's father gave them a reception the same night. The presents were handsome, useful and numerous, including the following: Horace and buggy, Jas. L. Totten; handsome silver butter-dish and knife, Col. A. M. Swope, Lexington; pair pickle castors, Mrs. Sue Bright; embroidered tasse, cambric handkerchief, Mrs. Mary Sallee, Danville; silk handkerchief, Joe Snow; glass pitcher, Maggie Bright; set silver table-spoons, Mrs. E. A. Dawson; colored damask table-cloth and pair of comports, Mrs. J. L. Dawson; pair gold ear rings, Bonnie Bryan; 1 dozen glass fruit dishes, Johnnie Bryan; \$10 gold piece, J. T. Totten; silver butter-knife, Miss Mollie Alexander; glass tea-set, Mrs. Lucy Dawson; silver butter-knife, Mrs. Mollie Swope; silver butter-knife, Mrs. White; pair towels, Mrs. Broadbush; wash-board and tub, Dave Swope; elegant silver glasses, J. H. Swope, Lexington.

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STANFORD, KY.
Friday Morning, December 15, 1882

HOW BIRDIE ESCAPED.

"You have good looks, you have youth, you have address. Come at once and I will introduce you to a lady whose fortune, with her hand, will repair what you have wasted."

Rolfe Rathburne threw down his uncle's letter, lighted a cigar and elevated his feet to the table. He knew very well, he believed, whom his uncle referred to—a ward of his, Miss Elinor Chauncey, who must by this time be of marriageable age, he considered.

"I'm not a marrying man," muttered young Rathburne, "but when I saw that girl, eight years ago, she promised to be a beauty; and a man might do worse, perhaps, than to take a pretty wife with plenty of money."

He was a dissipated-looking young man of 25, with a black mustache and curling hair, which he made the most of. He had a fair proportion of brains, but no morals to speak of. He kept afloat in good society, however, having a knowledge of good breeding, and a rich uncle—the Honorable Christopher Brudenell. The Honorable Christopher Brudenell had written him the above letter. He was partial to his nephew.

Soon the French hotel where Rolfe Rathburne boarded knew him no more. He left those congenial quarters and betook himself to the fatigues of a railway journey.

It had been some years since he had been at Ashdon, his uncle's country house. Eight years before, when he was a rather vicious lad of 18, his uncle, in a fit of passion, had forbidden him the house; but that was one of the many bygones which Mr. Rolfe Rathburne's relatives were obliged to overlook.

Ashdon, with its white front pillars, its green lawns dotted with flower-laden stone urns, its fountains and whispering ash trees—Ashdon looked familiar.

He had walked up from the station, leaving his baggage to be sent for.

"Let me see," he soliloquized, viewing the place from a rise in the road.

The girl was 13 when I saw her last—a charming little blonde—and they called her Birdie. She must be 22 now, and fascinating enough, I'll be bound! Lonely here! Uncle keeps her secluded, I fancy. Good idea! A beauty with a fortune is rather dangerous property to be lying around loose. Wonder what her fancy is in men? Girls always have some notions of their own. As she is a blonde, I suppose I ought to have a blonde beard to be killing."

He had reached the gates of Ashdon by this time, when a man with a big blonde beard suddenly approached him. He had a package of letters in his hand. Apparently he had just arrived and was in a hurry.

"Were you going in?" he asked.

"Yes," said Rathburne.

The man, who was well dressed and of fine appearance, selected a letter from the number in his hand.

"I have a letter here for Miss Chauncey. Will you be kind enough to deliver it to her personally?"

Rathburne, in good humor, assented civilly, and the man passed on, walking rapidly.

"He's not the postman. A tradesman, probably," mused Rathburne.

The letter was simply addressed, in a clear uniform chirography, "Miss Chauncey, Ashdon." He put it in the breast pocket of his coat, and turning the handle of the iron gates of Ashdon, walked in.

* * * * *

Rolfe Rathburne had delivered that letter with kindling eyes. Birdie's dark eyes and rosebud mouth were more charming than anything he had ever seen before.

"Yes," said the Hon. Christopher Brudenell, "my ward is very pretty, and so far she has lived a very secluded life. I have thought it best."

"Has she no other friend or guardian, Uncle Chris?"

Uncle Chris, florid and portly, changed color.

"She is an orphan, quite alone, but for—well, in fact she had another guardian—Aubrey Mordaunt. The rascal wanted to marry her—for her money, you know."

"Of course. What did you do?"

"Told him I had sent her abroad, and sent him posting off to search through all the convent schools of France to find her. Meanwhile I have sent for you. I want you to marry her. I give you this last chance. Remember, I shall pay no more of your spendthrift bills."

"I shall be very happy, my dear uncle."

Meanwhile Birdie, though it was past midnight, sat in her chamber, looking out into the moon-lighted garden; it had been a year since she had been outside those garden walls. How tired she had grown of its wearisome walks and monotonous stillness, only the bright young thing knew. Her smooth cheeks looked pale in the moonlight; her chin rested in her little hand.

"But if I could only see him on co more, I would come back and stay a year contended. I would, indeed! He loves me; he is tender, gentle and kind. I only live, I think, when I am with him. When I am not, I seem to be dying by inches day by day. Do people ever die for love when they are young and healthy as I am, I wonder? No, I think not," sadly said pretty little Birdie to her own sweet self.

And then she turned her mind intent upon other things. Birdie could not sleep that first night of Rolfe Rathburne's coming.

He could not sleep very well himself

when he first sought his chamber. Here was an unexampled piece of good fortune. Birdie was so beautiful and bewitching. He would marry her, pay those tormenting debts, set up a city house and enjoy life. He would like to show Birdie to the men of his set—so fresh, so pretty and charming. Wouldn't they grow green with envy? He laughed in the darkness with thinking of it.

Fresh and sweet as a half-blown rose, but Birdie certainly was; but Mr. Rathburne, to his surprise, found her also a little thorny.

No, she didn't care to walk in the garden, and she did dislike cigar smoke, and she wouldn't trouble him to carry her parasol or fan for her.

But wouldn't she show him the gold-fish and perch?

They were in the pond, Birdie said, and the maid would give him some crumbs to call them up.

Mr. Rathburne retired discomfited.

"Birdie," said the Honorable Christopher, the next day, "don't you like my nephews?"

"Not particularly," answered Miss Birdie, with rare courage.

The Honorable Christopher stared.

"Hoity-toity! such airs are not becoming to you, miss! I have invited my nephews here to pay court to you. I require you to treat him civilly. You will do so, of course. You are not of age, remember."

"I will be in two months," replied Birdie, quietly, who seemed to have stitched her eyelids down to her sewing.

The Honorable Christopher was amazed. Was it possible the girl was no longer afraid of him? It could not be. Where had she found courage?

No influence averse to his own could possibly have been brought to bear upon her. He took no notice of her last remark, but passed grandly from the room.

But days and weeks passed, and though Birdie would sometimes converse with Rolfe Rathburne, would sometimes let him attend her in feeding her birds in the aviary, and her fish in the fountain, he ever felt the little blonde comforted with her.

In vain he oiled his hair and concealed his tobacco. Birdie's lovely eyes looked him over from head to foot daily. Sometimes, when she was very weary of idleness and dullness, she would consent to play a game or two of chess with him, and she allowed him to teach her to ride horseback—by the Honorable Christopher's directions, taking the most sequestered roads, and attended also by his favorite servant, a fellow with rat-like black eyes, who, riding after, watched her like a ferret. But Birdie did not try to run away, and nobody communicated with her.

"These rides, I suppose they are safe enough," said the Honorable Christopher to his nephew; "but I feel obliged to be a little careful; Mordaunt is a determined fellow. When he finds that he has been deceived, and comes back from France, there is sure to be trouble. But I hope you will have safely married Birdie by that time. This is for the purpose of defending the house and family from the malignant "Fung Chui" or spirits, which are popularly believed to fly only in straight lines and to be incapable of turning a corner. It follows that when traversing the air in search of a certain house when they come in contact with the wall they are thrown off at an angle, and thus baffled of their purpose, and fly in a tangent through infinite space and are lost. A Chinese village has but little in common with those of this country either in detail or in general appearance. While the villages of America, copied from English prototypes, are peculiar from their detached and separate build, with gardens and grass plots, those of China are compact, huddled together, and present from a distance the aspect of a mere dead wall. One peculiar aspect of all Chinese cities and villages is the absence of all steeples, spires or pinnacles of any kind. While Mohammedan countries have the mosque, with its flashing domes and graceful minarets, and European and American centers of population are marked by lofty towers and spires, China is almost absolutely without any of these striking architectural points. The result is great monotony and dullness of aspect."

You have full control of her money, I suppose?"

"Yes, until she is 21, unless she marries before that time. Mordaunt could take every cent any time, for she always liked him better than she did me, from a child. But you see if you cut him out—"

"I see—I see."

"Well, for heaven's sake, get on a little faster!" gripped the fat honorable, who was privately in misery lest certain liberties he had taken with Birdie's money should be discovered by Mr. Aubrey Mordaunt.

Rathburne thought he was getting on a little next day. A happy smile dimpled Birdie's rosy cheeks all day. Though she seemed lost in her own thoughts, and did not pay very strict attention to her companion's conversation, she allowed him to walk with her, and was far less thorny than usual.

"It's going to be a fine night—moonlight," remarked Mr. Rathburne, when they went in to tea.

Birdie assented.

"It's cooler out of doors, and the fountain will look very pretty by moonlight," she said.

"There's a very comfortable seat—that rustic one, by the fountain."

Mr. Rathburne's heart rose with a bound when Birdie, with a dazzling smile, replied:

"Wait for me there."

At tea he refrained from eating his favorite salad with onions. He rushed up to his rooms, after hurriedly whisking his hopes to his uncle, and drenched his handkerchief with German cologne. Then hastily scribbling a letter to a pressing creditor, to the effect that his bill should be settled soon, he went down and sought the rustic seat by the fountain to wait for Birdie.

He waited until the fountain had flung up and the basin caught a hundred gallons of water—until the whip-poor-wills had whistled themselves hoarse and gone to bed. Sleepy from a sitting posture, weary and stiff from the dampness of the heavy dew, Mr. Rathburne rose, at last, and abandoned his post in the moonlight; her chin rested in her little hand.

"But if I could only see him on co more, I would come back and stay a year contended. I would, indeed! He loves me; he is tender, gentle and kind. I only live, I think, when I am with him. When I am not, I seem to be dying by inches day by day. Do people ever die for love when they are young and healthy as I am, I wonder? No, I think not," sadly said pretty little Birdie to her own sweet self.

And then she turned her mind intent upon other things. Birdie could not sleep that first night of Rolfe Rathburne's coming.

He could not sleep very well himself

she moved stiffly along the path, entered another, stooped to pick up a letter which lay there. It was addressed to Birdie. Mr. Rathburne thought it looked familiar, somehow. He had no scruples about reading it:

"My DEAR BIRDIE: I know now where you are, and I am near you. Don't grieve any more. Be happy; all will soon be well. As soon as I have taken some steps to ferret out a wrong which is being done you, I will take you out of Brudenell's care. A carriage will wait just beyond the south gate at Ashdon at 10 o'clock, on the night of Aug. 30, to bear you away with me to become my own beloved wife. I will place you safely in my own home with my mother, while I return to fight Brudenell in his own den. I shall take my own chances of getting this to you by asking the favor of his good-for-nothing nephew to place it in your hands. He comes courting you. I think he will do it. In haste!

There came before Rolfe Rathburne a vision of the fine-looking man with a big blonde beard. He looked up, and stood staring blankly at the open gate of Ashdon. There were the marks of carriage wheels without, and a handkerchief of Birdie's in the dust.

He rushed into the house—to the honorable's bedside, and pounded him awake. Pell-mell they tumbled upstairs to Birdie's room. The cage was empty; the bird had flown.

"The letter—how did she get it? ye'll the soul following God will be like unto Him; He being the beginning, middle and end of all things.—Socrates."

"I suppose," confessed Birdie's would-be suitor, "that I brought it to her when I came. He was a business-like looking man with a big blonde beard."

"It was," yelled the Hon. Christopher. "We are lost."

As indeed, they were.

VILLAGES IN CHINA.

Villages, not badly built by any means, occur at intervals of a mile or more apart all along the roads of China. Very good brick—much about the same size, shape and material as those made in this country—compose the walls of the better houses, while for the poorer order of edifices mud is used. The brick walls in China are excellent—better than the cheap brick walls in America, and but little inferior to our best preserved brick. When villages are constructed of mud there is a striking resemblance to the villages of Egypt. The houses have no outside windows and but one opening, which is the door. The openings for lights are upon inner courts or back yards, and are without glass. The eaves are made to project, so as to keep out the rain, and in doing so exclude much light as well. Blinds made of slats are sometimes used, and thin, light paper pasted over the slats serve to keep out some of the cold air and let in a little light. The houses are invariably one story high, and at the bottom of this custom is a superstition that higher houses would interfere with the spirits of the air ("Fung Chu") and offend them, thus bringing disaster upon the house or village. In front of each door, and at a distance of eight or ten feet, stands a detached wall, fifteen feet long and as high as the eaves of the house, concealing the door from any person standing in front of it. This is for the purpose of defending the house and family from the malignant "Fung Chu" or spirits, which are popularly believed to fly only in straight lines and to be incapable of turning a corner. It follows that when traversing the air in search of a certain house when they come in contact with the wall they are thrown off at an angle, and thus baffled of their purpose, and fly in a tangent through infinite space and are lost. A Chinese village has but little in common with those of this country either in detail or in general appearance. While the villages of America, copied from English prototypes, are peculiar from their detached and separate build, with gardens and grass plots, those of China are compact, huddled together, and present from a distance the aspect of a mere dead wall. One peculiar aspect of all Chinese cities and villages is the absence of all steeples, spires or pinnacles of any kind. While Mohammedan countries have the mosque, with its flashing domes and graceful minarets, and European and American centers of population are marked by lofty towers and spires, China is almost absolutely without any of these striking architectural points. The result is great monotony and dullness of aspect."

You have full control of her money, I suppose?"

"Yes, until she is 21, unless she marries before that time. Mordaunt could take every cent any time, for she always liked him better than she did me, from a child. But you see if you cut him out—"

"I see—I see."

"Well, for heaven's sake, get on a little faster!" gripped the fat honorable, who was privately in misery lest certain liberties he had taken with Birdie's money should be discovered by Mr. Aubrey Mordaunt.

Rathburne thought he was getting on a little next day. A happy smile dimpled Birdie's rosy cheeks all day. Though she seemed lost in her own thoughts, and did not pay very strict attention to her companion's conversation, she allowed him to walk with her, and was far less thorny than usual.

"It's going to be a fine night—moonlight," remarked Mr. Rathburne, when they went in to tea.

Birdie assented.

"It's cooler out of doors, and the fountain will look very pretty by moonlight," she said.

"There's a very comfortable seat—that rustic one, by the fountain."

Mr. Rathburne's heart rose with a bound when Birdie, with a dazzling smile, replied:

"Wait for me there."

At tea he refrained from eating his favorite salad with onions. He rushed up to his rooms, after hurriedly whisking his hopes to his uncle, and drenched his handkerchief with German cologne. Then hastily scribbling a letter to a pressing creditor, to the effect that his bill should be settled soon, he went down and sought the rustic seat by the fountain to wait for Birdie.

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